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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1804.

EXALTED FRIENDSHIP;

OR,

The Generous Surrender.

IT has been asserted by some writers, who pretend to make deep enquiries into the nature of the female heart, that friendships between women and women, though violent for a while, are seldom of so long a duration as those contracted between men and men. Numerous cases, in point might doubtless be produced, to justify such positions; but it must be owned at the same time, that many of the fair sex have distinguished themselves in a striking manner by the solidity, and the permanence of their attachments to each other: attachments which have remained unimpaired during the lives of the amiable contractors, in spite of the rudest shocks which they have received either from the malicious attempts of those who envied their constancy, or from some delicate distresses arising from their connections with the other sex.

The friendship which commenced between Harriot Stapleton and Sophia Manton, at the school to which their parents sent them at an early age, gathered strength in their advancing years; and when they were introduced into the world, after having finished their education, they were never so happy as when they enjoyed each other's society. Entertained with the same books, addicted to the same pursuits, and captivated by the same diversions, they were almost inseparable companions; and as their parents on both sides, were people in very genteel life, they always appeared in point of dress to the greatest advantage. They were both handsome, but in so different a style of beauty, that they felt none of the corrosions of rivalship, while they made an attracting display of their persons: and as they gained, each of them, a considerable share of admiration, when they appeared in public, each of them was sufficiently satisfied with her share of it.

By the nomination of Sophia's father to a lucrative post in a distant part of the country, Harriot was robbed of her friend, as Mr. Manton, in consequence of his being obliged to reside several years at the place of his appointment, chose to take his family with him.

Sophia received the first news of her father's appointment without that joy which she would otherwise have felt upon his having obtained a considerable addition to his income, because she could not help thinking of the separation from her Harriot; and her reflections, occasioned by the sincerity, as well as fervor of her friendship, threw her mind, for a time, into so painful a state, that she frequently regretted the event which was to divide her from the only person, among all her acquaintance, for whose sake she wished to remain in England. However, when she came to reflect coolly, and with composure, upon her father's lucrative post, and considering also, that being his only child, she might be greatly benefitted by the opportunities put into his power to enlarge her fortune, she began to be reconciled to her destined voyage, though she could not refrain from tears when the hour of embarkation approached.

During the absence of her friend, Harriot became a rich heiress, by the death of her father, and was strongly solicited by numbers to enter into the marriage state. She had, before her father's decease, indeed, received addresses from several men with fair characters, and in suitable circumstances; but as Mr. Stapleton would not, from an inherent sordidness in his disposition, advance a shilling in his life time, the men who courted an alliance with his family, soon took leave of the lady who had attracted them, not caring to trust to any posthumous donations.

As an heiress, and as a rich heiress, Harriot was surrounded by admirers, among whom some of her former solicitors made their appearance; but as they had evidently proved themselves to have been actuated by mercenary, (at least not very generous) motives, she discarded them upon the renewal of their overtures to her, and would not listen to any of the apologies which they attempted to frame for their conduct.

The man whom Harriot most favoured was a Mr. Moor, a gentleman by birth and education, but by no means upon an equality with her in regard to fortune; yet as he had every requisite, in her opinion, fortune excepted, to render the marriage state happy; and as she was herself amply furnished with that agreeable supplement to all other qualifications, she did not imagine that she would act with the slightest indelicacy by encouraging her diffident lover to suppose that his addresses would be agreeable.

Moor, though not a professed fortune-hunter, could not see the overtures made to him by a fine woman, with large possessions, unflattered by them: he was not, it is true, literally in love with her: but her many amiable qualities operated so powerfully upon him, that he ventured to assure himself he could not be unhap-

py with such a wife. With the highest veneration, therefore, for her virtues, and charmed with her accomplishments, he availed himself of the encouragements she delicately threw in his way, and was extremely well received.

When the preliminaries were settled, between him and his future, Moor sat out upon a journey to see an old uncle, who, according to a letter received from his house, lay at the point of death, and wanted very much to see him before his dissolution. On his arrival however, he was greatly surprised to find his uncle heartier than he had been for some years, and soon afterwards discovered he had been drawn from the capital by one of those facetious gentlemen, who, for the sake of what they call fun, take un infinite deal of pleasure in throwing people into situations not at all agreeable to them; into situations sometimes not only whimsically, but often seriously distressing.

While he was drinking a cheerful glass one evening with his uncle, the arrival of a lady, with her daughter, flung the old gentleman into a state of astonishment.

"Bless me, madam, exclaimed he, I can hardly believe my eyes."

"You may well be surprised, my good sir, replied Mrs. Manton; but to tell you the truth, the climate agreed so ill with me and my daughter, that we desired Mr. Manton to send us home, and to endeavour to procure his own return to England, as soon as he could; for what is all the money in the world without health to enjoy it?"

Moor soon found, from the conversation between this lady and his uncle, that her daughter was the very intimate friend of his Harriot: he found also, after a few interviews with her, that she had made an impression upon his heart, not easily to be eradicated; he found, in short, that while he only esteemed Harriot Stapleton, he loved Sophia Manton: and from the different sensations which he felt from the conflict in his breast, between love and honour, he was in a state of disquiet which he had never till now experienced. He now wished he had not gone so far towards an union with Harriot; and would willingly have relinquished all his golden prospects to be released from his engagements; but as he looked upon himself as already married to her, though the ceremony was not yet actually performed his principles would not suffer him to act in a manner which would injure his reputation.

Poor Sophia, at the same time, had her conflicts; her tender heart throbbed so much in favour of the first man who had occasioned any tumult in it, that she was deprived of her usual tranquility by day, and robbed of her wonted rest by night. Her mother, whose concern for her was extreme, because her affection for her was excessive, administered all the consolation in her power, and urged her to try not to think of him for a husband, who was too far engaged with another woman, to her dearest friend, to leave her without appearing in a very ungenteel, not to say, dishonourable light.

The consolations of her mother were kindly intended, and her arguments were rationally applied, but Sophia was neither calmed by the one, nor convinced by the other. Her heart was at variance with her head, and the sensations of the former overpowered the reflections of the latter.

While Mrs, Manton and her daughter were thus situated in the house of Mrs. Benson, by whom they were accommodated in the most friendly and hospitable manner, Miss Stapleton was acquainted with the real situation of her friend and her lover, from their own letters, in spite of all their efforts to conceal it; and wrote a pressing invitation to the former to come and stay a few weeks with her, if Mrs. Manton had no material objection to the compliance with her request. This invitation brought her to town, and she was accompanied by Moor, who now thought it high time to return to his generous mistress, lest she should imagine he would be a man equally destitute of gratitude and honour by deserting her.

The first interview between the two female friends was very affecting; the pleasure which each of them felt from their meeting, being strongly dashed with the pain which their mutual recollections produced.

Like a man of strict honour, Moor, began, in a few days, to forward the preparations for his wedding day. Harriot, as she really loved him, did not know how to put a stop to them, and yet her pity for her dear friend, Sophia, often made her so unhappy, as to determine to give up the man of her heart, to preserve the life of a woman to whose happiness he was become absolutely necessary. Severe was the combat in her tender bosom, between her feelings for her lover, and her feelings for her friend; at length the latter prevailed.

Having overheard a little conversation, one day, between this unhappy pair, in which they both exhibited themselves in the most amiable, as well as the most pitiable light, she broke in upon them, with an abruptness, for which she would have keenly reproached herself, had she not believed that the cause of her intrusion would forcibly apologize for it. Addressing herself to them, alternately, she assured them that she could not think of seeing them devoted to infelicity on her account, and that the pleasure of beholding her lover the husband of her friend, would sufficiently alleviate the uneasiness she might feel during the first pressures of disappointment.

In consequence of this address (there is no describing the behavior of the two lovers, melted by the generosity of sentiment breathing through it) preparations were now made for the union of Moor with his Sophia; and Mrs. Manton came to town, with no small satisfaction, to be present at her daughter's nuptials. Before this day arrived, she received a letter from a friend of her husband's, which shocked her exceedingly; she was informed by it, that Mr. Manton, having, one night, met with losses at the gaming table, which his whole fortune could not repair, destroyed himself.

This intelligence, whilst it shook Harriot's tender and sympathizing heart, afforded her an opportunity, which she immediately seized, to appear to greater advantage than ever. The moment she heard of it, she settled an handsome annuity upon Mrs. Manton, and then gave Sophia as genteel a fortune as she had reason to expect from the supposed circumstances of her father before that night, which, by stripping him of all his possessions, drove him to add the criminality of suicide to the folly of the gamester.

Arabian Anecdotes.

PUNCTILIO.

A TRANSACTION between one of the Caliph of Bagdad's Ambassadors and the court of Constantinople is related, which well illustrates the then manners both of the ambassadors and the court.

As this court was a remnant of the ancient imperial one under the Cæsars, it still retained (as was natural) after its dominions were so much lessened, an attachment to that pomp and those minute

ceremonials, which in the zenith of its power it had been able to enforce. It was an affection for the shadow of grandeur, when the substance was in a manner gone, that induced the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus to write no less than a large folio book upon its ceremonials.

It was in consequence of the same principle, that the above ambassador, though coming from the Caliph, was told to make a humble obeisance, as he approached the Grecian emperor. This the ambassador (who had his national pride also) absolutely refusing, it was ingeniously contrived, that he should be introduced to the emperor through a door so very low as might oblige him, however unwillingly, to make the obeisance required. The ambassador, when he arrived, no sooner saw the door, than he comprehended the contrivance, and with great readiness turned about, and entered the room backward.

Patience.] As Averroes, the famous philosopher, was lecturing one day in the college of lawyers, a slave belonging to one who was his enemy, came and whispered him. Averroes turning round, and saying, 'well, well,' the company believed the slave had brought him a message from his master. The next day the slave returned, implored his pardon, and publicly confessed that, when he whispered him, he had spoken a slander. 'God forgive thee,' replied Averroes; 'thou hast publicly shewn me to be a patient man; and, as for thy injury, 'tis not worthy of notice.' Averroes after this gave him money, adding withal this moniton: 'What thou hast done to me do not do to another.'

ANTIQUITY OF THE

RING.

THE first among whom we find the ring in use are the Hebrews, Gen. xxxviii. where Judah, Jacob's son, gives Tamar his ring or signet, as a pledge of his promise; but rings appear to have been used at the same time among the Egyptians, from Gen. xii. where Pharaoh put his ring on Joseph's hand as a mark of the power he gave him. And in the first book of Kings, chapter xxi. Jezebel seals the warrant she sent for the killing of Naboth with the King's ring, Pliny observes that we are in the dark as to the person who first invented, or wore the ring. The Greeks, he thinks, knew nothing of the ring in the time of the Trojan war: The reason he gives is, that we find no mention thereof in Homer; but that when letters were to be sent away, they were tied up, and the strings knotted. Rings were frequently made of one single metal, sometimes of a mixture of metals, and likewise of stone. Sometimes the ring was iron, and the seal gold; or some particular stone engraved, sometimes plain in relievo, and others in creuz or hollow. Now in respect to the iron rings, they were worn by the slaves in Rome until their manumission or preferment to some dignity; and the Lacedemonians continued theirs until the days of Pliny. The Hebrews wore rings on their right hand, from Jer. chap. xxii. v. 24. It is observed by Pliny, that in the portraits of their gods, these rings were worn on the finger next the thumb. They were at first worn on the fourth finger, then on the second, and then on the little finger; at last on all the fingers, excepting the middle one. The Greeks wore them altogether on the fourth finger of the left hand, from the little nerve, or artery that proceeds from the heart, they esteemed it the most honorable. The Romans wore them commonly on their little finger. Some nations wore them on the middle finger, as the ancient Gauls and Britons; and some on the fore finger, as deducible from Julius Pollox, who names that ring corionos. When precious gems and rich ensculptures were added, the custom of wearing them on the right hand was translated unto the left; for that hand being less employed, thereby they were best preserved.

It was usual, at first, to wear only a single ring; then one on each finger; at last, several on each finger. They had their weekly rings, Juvenal, Sat. vii. speaks of annuli semestres; also of winter and summer rings. It is said of Heliogabalus, that he never wore the same ring, or the same shoe twice. Rings have also been worn in the nose, in the ears, lips, &c. by the Moors, and modern orientals. One of the Kings of Pegu wore rings set with precious stones on every toe. The annuli sponsalitii, or wedding-rings, were in use among the Greeks, Romans, and Christians, very early, as appears from Tertullian, where we find the form of blessing the nuptial ring.

It was likewise the custom in old times to wear their own images on their rings, which we endeavour to prove by Spartian, where taking notice, in the life of the Emperor Hadrian, of the tokens of his approaching death, he says, "The ring with his own image on it, fell off itself from his finger." Those with deities on them, are generally amulets, &c. and they likewise used to have their nearest friends on their rings, either for memory, or when absent, as the ladies adorn their bracelets, and the gentlemen their breasts in our days with miniatures. De Brevil, in his Antiquities of Paris, says it was an ancient custom to use a rush-ring in the marriage of such as had been too intimate before marriage. But Richard, bishop of Salisbury, in his Constitutions, anni, 1217, forbids the putting of rush-rings, or any like matter, on women's fingers; his reason was, that there were some people weak enough to believe, what was thus done in jest was a real marriage.

It is said, in old times, when they were married, the young couple used to present one another with a ring-key, as an emblem of secrecy; from whence some will derive the word *wedlock.*

ORIGIN of the vulgar joke—"*See Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind.*"—When the famous partizan O'Loughlin was retreating from *Clonakilly*, before Lord Broghill, he suddenly halted, as the *Inniskillengers* came in sight on a large plain, and ordered his men to turn their coats round, and button them behind, to put on their wigs with the hind-part before, and to reverse their hats—"*for then my lads*" says he, "*while we are running away, the enemy will stand still and think we are marching up to them.*" His stratagem succeeded to a charm.

MR. GOLDSMID's fete at Roehampton, on Monday last, was one of the most splendid things of the kind ever seen, and the expence is said to be little short of two thousand pounds. One of the most beautiful as well as novel sights, were the supper tables, which were laid for six hundred persons; they were decorated with orange, apple, peach, nectarine, and cherry trees, all in full bearing ——The green leaves, and the fruit growing on the branches, had a wonderfully pleasing effect by candlelight. But little dancing took place; and that did not commence till three o'clock in the morning, and concluded about six, when the company departed. The Prince of Wales and Duke of York were expected. Lord Deerhurst was the only nobleman present. *Lond. Pap.*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. IV.

Subject of No. 2. continued.

"A marriage of interest is at best but a legal prostitution."

WHEN I reflect on marriages of young and old persons, when I see men of understanding entering into them, it is to me a matter of surprise and astonishment. I should suppose that their good sense would teach them, that love on the part of the lady is out of the question; it is absurd to suppose that any real attachment can subsist between the blooming girl of twenty and the man of forty or fifty. But who, seeing his friend entering into such a marriage, would dare to advise him from it? Should he attempt it, he would inevitably affront him, and find that his advice was thrown away.

——— Scopulis surdior Icari
Voces audit ——— *Horace.*

He goes throug vith it, takes (of course) all the ill consequences on himself (and they are commonly many and grievous) and of such an one it truly may be said, "that he marries in haste to repent at leisure."

HORACE, all whose maxims are calculated to make man contented and make the best of life, has told us to

"Enjoy the lingering moments as they fly,
"Ere youth retires and wrinkled age draws nigh."

But I defy a woman, who in youth, unites herself with old age, to enjoy them. It is in part adding his years to her's, if she conform to his actions and ideas, which necessarily are those of an old man; if otherwise, if she has a way of her own (as it is universally acknowledged most women will have) they, to use a common expression, 'pull different ways,' till the old gentleman is ready to exclaim with *Barnaby Brittle*, that

"Marriage at best is but an evil,
"But an unequal match is sure the devil."

and to prevent such unequal matches, I should like to see a law prohibiting marriages between persons, the difference in whose ages was more than ten years. But in a free country such a regulation is impossible. If it could be done, most of the evils of matrimony would (I believe) be done away, and though the ambition and extravagance of many a woman, who is insensible to all the finer feelings of the heart, might be checked, yet it would be beneficial to society at large.

How many are there, who can coolly reflect on the infirmities and age of their husbands, and calculate on what time they may be left widows, and by that means possess the fortunes of their husbands without being burthened with the husbands themselves? How many are there who look forward to that period, with joy, as the time of their release from the only bar to their happiness? Oh! how enviable must one thus situated, think their situation, whom she sees united to each other by the "most endearing ties," love and mutual esteem, all which she has foregone, and (as I mentioned in a former number) for a fortune!!!

———Sacra auri fames
Quid non mortalia pectora cogis?
Virgil.

But the inconveniences of these kind marriages do not fall on the married alone, but the innocent have oftentimes to suffer. I mean the children the husband may have had by a former wife. These have much to endure from the jealousy and ill-nature of a step-mother. They who who have been reared up with the utmost tenderness, whose fond mother's every aim has been the promotion of their happiness, have to endure the taunts of an overbearing woman, who misconstrues their every word and action, who uses every means to prejudice their father against them, and too often succeeds; for such is the power of an artful woman, that she can persuade her husband to any thing.

I know a man of moderate fortune, who, at the death of his wife, was left one son then in his eighteenth year; he soon married another woman who was twenty years younger than himself. He, as may be supposed, after this had no will of his own, his wife got every thing under her command and ruled with uncontrouled sway. Having been in but poor circumstances before marriage, she seemed unable to govern with propriety, but acted the tyrant on all occasions. The son had to suffer various indignities which were at length too unsupportable to be borne, he retorted on her with some warmth. She entered a complaint to his father, and never desisted till she fairly drove him from the house. His father had intended to place him in a business which would have rendered him independent, and which he could have done without injury to himself, but his wife would not suffer it, and he was afterwards assisted by some of his mother's relations. He is now, by industry, assisted by superior abilities, advanced to be a merchant of the first respectability in one of the eastern states.

In the mean time, his father dying, left the whole of his estate, amounting to about 20,000 pounds, to his wife, who soon after was picked up by a man who was "prowling about, seeking whom he might devour," He soon spent the fortune, and left the country; and she is again reduced to her deserved insignificance!

Thus, the fortune which had taken years of industry to accumulate, was squandered away by an unprincipled villain.—An excellent lesson for every old man who has a young wife! P.

WITH respect to my fair correspondent JEANETTE, I know not what to say, who seems placed in a peculiar situation, I rather expect she must be yet too young for marriage; for if she was of marriageable age, the many charms and graces peculiar to woman, would shew themselves in spite of her diminutive size. No mode occurs to me, at present, by which I can be of service to her, but if there is any, and she will point it out, I will, with pleasure, assist her in getting a husband, if that be her wish; though perhaps, it would be as well for her to wait a few years. She is perfectly right in supposing me a friend to the fair sex, in whose service I would, with pleasure employ my time and talents. P.

TO VIGILARIUS.

SIR,

I MUST confess this attack of your's is very unexpected. You have come forward, advancing opinions which are far from reflecting honour on yourself. You deny that the happiness of man is intimately connected in an union with woman; but for this we only have *your* assertion. The experience of mankind in general, since the creation, has proved the contrary. You agree that marriage is a necessary institution, that GOD ordained it to prevent that confusion and irregularity which you allow must necessarily ensue; and yet seem willing to destroy, or bring into disrepute that ordinance. You say, that GOD ordained marriage that the parties contracting might be mutual helps and comforts to each other, but deny that it has answered that end. That this was the intention,

is doubtless, and that it has not answered that end in as full a degree as was intended, I grant; for marriage was instituted before the fall, and since that time, like all other pleasures, it has its pains. But still, a wife it is that best enables man to pass through life with pleasure, that helps him to smooth its thorny road.

"Oh woman! lovely woman!
"Nature made you to temper man:
"We could not live without you."

These were the sentiments of OTWAY, and I most heartily agree with him. The institution has not (I must unhappily agree with you) been preserved pure and undefiled, those kind of marriages of which I have spoken in the present number prove the contrary.

I still hold to my opinion, that to attack customs of long standing is acting a foolish and useless part, notwithstanding your assertion of its being foolish and ridiculous. It is foolish, because all exertions will be unavailing, deep rooted opinions, are not to be obliterated; and your assertion that the most abominable customs have prevailed for ages, notwithstanding every exertion to obliterate them, is a sufficient proof of its truth. And, to crown the whole, you say that to write, against matrimony is useless; it is so indeed: and why? is it not because the good sense of mankind teaches them the futility of all the arguments which have been used against it? But suppose, VIGILARIUS you could by your writings bring it into disrepute, would you be entitled to the gratitude of mankind? would you be doing them a kindness? would you not rather deserve universal execration as one who had destroyed the foundation of all order in society?

If it be your intention to enter into a dispute on the advantages and disadvantages of marriage, I must decline, utterly decline it, as a contest which I have neither leisure nor inclination to engage in. Besides, the subject has been very amply discussed in the last volume of the Repository, to which I refer you.

These observations have (as will be perceived on perusal) been thrown together in haste, I did not see the Repository till this morning, and had not leisure to enter into a lengthy discussion.

P.

Monday, Feb. 27, 1804.

A good reputation is a magnificent tombstone.

Of all workmen, the poet is most fond of his work.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. IV.

Tho' sorrow, like some direful cloud,
Hangs gloomy o'er th' afflicted soul;
Yet comfort speaks, in accents loud,
Thy GOD can all thy griefs controul.

THE heart susceptible of the tenderest emotions of sensibility, alone can comprehend the meaning of that luxurious sorrow which is occasioned by the grief of others: It springs not from motives of self-love, but is perfectly consistent with that divine command which enjoins upon us love for one another.

The amiable JACINTHA, whilst bending over the grave of her departed father, supported by her brother, seemed lost in the phrenzy of grief—they were mutually taking their last leave of the remains of a tender parent!—Who can conceive what their feelings were at this moment of deprivation!—Gloomy must appear the beauties of creation when the idol of the affections is taken from the world—life must become a burden, and the pleasures of it like the envenomed arrow, which wounds even unto death!—But is there no alleviation?—Yes—This it was which beamed pleasure through my soul whilst with the keenest sorrow I sympathized in their grief.—GOD who sendeth afflictions, also poureth the oil of consolation into the lacerated bosom.—The hope that this dispensation would be the means of leading their minds from earth to heaven mixed such comfort with my sorrow, that it was difficult for me to determine whether it was a distressing or a happy hour. So, when clouds gather thick in the sky, the sun at intervals shining resplendent upon the face of nature, the mind of man is uncertain respecting the final issue.—It proved a happy dispensation for JACINTHA; her heart, softened by affliction, was made capable of receiving impressions of divine realities; and sensible from experience, of the instability of all earthly blessings, she is induced to seek those which are unfading, fully satisfied, that even from the bitterest dregs with which the cup of human life is impregnated, some precious drops of sweet comfort may be derived, which will prove an invaluable cordial for the afflicted soul.

For consolation from above,
Let ev'ry child of sorrow look;
Learn, if the GOD of matchless love
Hath wrote thy name in heav'n's fair book.

SERENUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION,—I.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ABOUT to commence a correspondence with you, which will, probably, prove of considerable length; I conceive it may not be improper to explain the nature of a power I possess; which, being peculiar to myself, is little understood by any other person; an explanation therefore, will not only be proper, but even necessary; and more particularly so, as it is this power, or faculty, that must aid me to give you the information, that will appear in my subsequent communications.

This faculty then sir, which I have, and which no doubt will be thought a very singular one by most of your readers, is that which enables me to investigate and pry into the most secret transactions between man and man. By means of it, I can be present in the study of the philosopher, the closet of the divine, the office of the lawyer, the workshop of the mechanic—in short, there is not the most obscure place that I cannot explore, and witness every thing carried on there. But, as I may have raised your curiosity, as well as that of many others, to know how I became possessed of this power, I will give you a brief account thereof.

When sitting in a room reflecting on the variety of conditions in life, a sudden exclamation escaped me, wishing it was in my power to behold, unknown, the different actions of mankind in the 'busy scene of life.' No sooner had I expressed the wish, than I perceived standing before me, a man whose form was similar to that in which ATLASS is generally represented, bearing a globe on his shoulder. The surprize occasioned by the appearance of so strange a figure, can be easier imagined than described; however, suffice it to say, I was almost petrified at the sight. But when I revived sufficiently to hear and see, I observed the stranger approaching towards me, saying, I need not fear, he had heard my desire and was come purposely to satisfy it, at least in part. You cannot conceive how much I was overjoyed at hearing this. On asking him, he told me his name was VIDEAM OMNIA, that he had the power of metamorphosing himself into any shape, be it never so small; that he could transfer the whole, or part of this

Power to any person he pleased; and having been a long time in America, he had informed himself of every thing worth knowing in it: that if now I agreed, he would invest me with the power of transforming myself into any thing whatever, and conveying myself to, and being present at, any place in the United States. Having given my consent, he took the globe from his shoulder, parted the United States from it, presented the part to me saying, that so long as I retained that in my possession, I need only think on the shape I wanted to assume, and I would instantly be transformed into it. Immediately after uttering these words he disappeared, leaving me to employ, as I might see proper the power put into my hands.

Having related thus much concerning what *I can do*, you must also be informed of what *I will do*. If my communications are acceptable, you shall be furnished with one every week; provided I always have leisure, or incidents occur in my rambles that I think will afford you instruction and amusement; though frequently, it may be presumed, nothing will be discovered that merits your attention.—I will generally write in form of narration; but shall never mention the names or places of abode, of those alluded to in the narrative, in order to avoid hurting the feelings of any one.

With this I must leave you for the present, hoping next week to give you an account of my first excursion.

Yours, &c.
PROTEUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA.

AS a female, whose character will scarce warrant this address, I step forth to perform that incumbent duty which it was my most fervent wish would be executed by some person of a different sex, and of more erudition than myself. Blush! young men, for not encouraging and assisting each other in the paths of literature; blush! I say, for letting others excel you in that desirable science. Why have you no emulation? why will you not rouse your languishing faculties into action, which if suffered to lie dormant much longer, may be irrecoverably lost? Here is the *Philadelphia Repository*, a vehicle of communication, and receptacle of literary disputes, from which your posterity may derive information; and wherein you are admonished to avoid the vices of some, and imitate the virtues of others. Had your ancestors omitted such opportunities, where would have been your enlightened age? where your boasted knowledge? Alas! it would have sunk into the grave with its possessors.

To you, whose ordinary concerns require all your attention, this is not intended; but it is to those who destroy their precious hours, by frequenting balls, billiard-tables and other unprofitable places of amusement. Reflect before it is too late, on the consequences of such folly; inquire what benefit either to yourselves or society can accrue therefrom; would you but learn by any other means than experience, that these things must end in your own misery, perhaps *suicide*, and a parents' unhappiness, you might yet be reclaimed: will no admonitions, no intreaties rescue you from the impending evil? why will you then rush precipitately to certain destruction, to satiate a moment's pleasure? But stop and see the effect of a well spent life! The human mind, as a tree, must either be nurtured or it will not flourish; and, as the culture of it depends upon education, if this be neglected, it will enevitably perish; but if pursued with indefatigable study, it will increase in wisdom, spread its branches, and be a secure shelter from the gloominess of ignorance, and you, thus improving, will acquire the admiration and esteem of all your acquaintances; will be continually consulted in matters of the greatest importance; and, at the approach of death, when excruciating pains rack the body, the mind will be still at ease; you will take a retrospective view of the number of infatuating evils you have happily avoided, and yield yourself a willing victim, lamented and regretted by all true lovers of worth and virtue.

Let then this short address, have some influence, and incite you to surmount any difficulty which may impede your attainment to moral excellence.

MONITORIA.

HOPE

THE LAMP OF LIFE.

IF I should judge of that part of life, which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; Hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue: and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

THE following question was composed, some time since, by an intimate *Philomathus*, and with his consent you'll please to give it a place in the mathematical box of your vehicle.

Jan. 26, 1804. { TOM BANG, *alias*, J. G—.

THERE is a piece of land in the form of a plane-triangle; the base of which is 48 chains, the angle opposite thereto is 60 degrees, and a line drawn from the said angle to bisect the base, measures 36 chains. The *area* and two remaining sides are required, with the geometrical construction thereof?

N. B. TOM BANG informs the Editor, that in consequence of his business, which is that of a merchant, the most pernicious of any thing (love excepted) to a mathematical study, it'll be out of his power to rebut, such chaffy and fallacious musquetry as he received from the SCIOLUS-quarter when J. G. in the last volume of the Repository, but'll continue to propose and solve such questions as his limited abilities and leisure'll admit of, with due deference to the Editor.

T. B.

COMMON FAME

AMUSES people with what does not concern them, and her reports are generally void of foundation; she marries and buries numbers, without even their permission or knowledge; raises vast armies and equips mighty fleets without a single farthing of expence to the potentate for whose service they are intended; fights bloody battles, and leaves thousands slain on the field, who are nevertheless in good health; takes and lays in ashes, cities and provinces, that never existed: All these things, and many others

of a like nature, she is doing continually. If you believe her she will persuade you that you are entirely ignorant of your own concerns; and your neighbours are by her made acquainted that you do, and intend doing, what you yourself never had either intention or power to accomplish —this is COMMON FAME.

THE FAIR SEX.

I SHOULD esteem the world but a desert were it not for the society of the Fair-Sex; and the most polished part of mankind would appear like hermits in the world; so imperfect and unaccomplished are we without the reunion of our lost rib, that substantial and integral part of us; they are guardians of our infancy and youth, the companions of our riper years, and the cherishers of our old age: From the cradle to the grave, we are wrapped in a circle of obligations to them for their love and good offices, and he is a monster in nature, who returns them not the carresses of an innocent affection, the spotless sallies of virtue and gratitude. Love is the soul of the world, the vital prop of the elements, it is the cement of humane society, and strongest fence of nature. Earth would be a hell without it, neither can there be any heaven where this is absent: I would have our commerce with females as general as is their number that deserve it; whose knowledge and virtue will be a sufficient security against criminal familiarity, and from the scandal of the world. Reason itself will appear more eloquent in the mouth of an innocent maid, than in that of the most florid orator; and there are no figures in the system of rhetoric so moving and forcible, as the peculiar graces of that sex, it is believed that man can boast of no endowments of the mind which women possess not with as great, or greater eminence. There has been no age or nation, but has produced some females renowned for their wisdom and virtue, so that the conversation of women is no less useful than pleasant, and the dangers which attend their friendship and commerce, are abundantly recompensed by vast advantages.

ANECDOTE.

SOON after the conclusion of the French war, in queen Ann's time, a young pert officer, who had but lately entered the service, came to a tavern where Major Johnson, a brave, rough old officer, and one that feared the Lord, usually resorted. The young gentleman while at dinner, was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking in the gaiety of his humour against the Dispensations of Providence. The Major, at first only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honor; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your benefactor, while you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonor." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him, "if he was going to preach?" but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honor. "A man of honor!" says the Major, "thou art a blasphemer and an infidel, and I shall use thee as such."—In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challanged the Major. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might plunge him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, "Sirrah," said he, "If a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy insolence to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; which the Major refused to grant, until he asked pardon in a short extempore prayer, which the proselyte did to the great amusement of the company.

Philadelª, *March* 3, 1804.

FIRES!!!

Accounts from Norfolk (Vir.) state, that by a late fire in that city 305 houses and stores, together with a new ship, 2 brigs and 2 schooners were consumed; several persons were killed, and the destruction of property is estimated at one million and a half of dollars ——Another fire in Charleston (S. C.) on the 12th ult. consumed the combustible part of a long range of stores, containing 1000 tierces of rice and considerable other property.—A third fire, at Augusta (Dist. M.) has reduced an industrious printer and his family to that situation which benevolence alone knows how to commisserate.

WESLEY.

An estimator of the services of the late Rev. Mr. *Wesley*, observes, that in the constant labour of upwards of 60 years, reckoning his discourses, &c. at two per day, which is 730 a year, they amount in all to 43,600! What is more extraordinary, the literary labours of this gentleman are so numerous, that for many years, ten persons have been constantly employed in the branch of printing. Mr. Wesley's library, according to a public valuation lately made by his order, was estimated at 4000l. *Lon. Pap.*

COWPER.

A very neat monument has been erected in East Derham Church, in England, to the memory of *Cowper*, the Poet. It is a white marble slab on which is the Task leaning against the Holy Bible.

A German physician has just published a Medical Tract, in which he earnestly maintains, that ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to *sleep alone*. It is said the book is in great demand.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. *George Mifflin*, to Miss ——— *Fissbourne*.

DIED—On the 15th ult. at Carlisle (Penn.) Capt. *James Murray*, æt. 73.

—— In this city, on Friday morning last, Mr. *John King*, an aged and respectable citizen.

To Correspondents.

The Editor thanks '*Chloris*' for his trouble of copying the *Ode on the Tooth-ache*, but informs him there is a much better copy of it in *Burn's Poems, Dobson's edit. vol.* iv. *p.* 393.—In thus endeavouring to impose on the Editor, there is a meanness of which no man of spirit can be guilty;—but, on considering the *wretched copy* now before him, he is of opinion it must be the work of an *inconsiderate schoolboy*, for such blunders would not have been committed by the most groveling poetaster.

The readers of the Repository are presented this day with *Proteus's* first communication, wherein is given a description of the power he possesses, from the nature of which much information may be expected through his subsequent numbers; whether it be the intention of the author "to catch the manners living as they rise," to hold up the mirror to virtue, or show the hideous form of vice,

"Which to be hated, needs but to be seen,"

the Editor (from the numbers yet received) will not pretend to determine; *Proteus* however, appears to be sensible that

"In diff'rent courses diff'rent humors run,
"Some hate the moon, some sicken at the sun."

Charles—is informed, that if he wishes his extract published, he must send a very fair copy, accompanied with a translation.

B. B's Answer to Adelio's Charade shall appear next week.

'*Sly Bob*'—'*Alithean*,' and a few other communications, received too late for insertion this week, shall be duly noticed.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay half yearly in advance, 3 *dollars* per vol.

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The 2d & 3d vols. may be had at 3 *dollars* per vol. unbound, (if bound, the price of binding will be added.)

☞ Letters (postage free) will be duly attended to.

Temple of the Muses.

Selected for the Philadelphia Repository.

FROM TRAVELS IN SWITZERLAND.

By Helen Maria Williams.

IN his note on springs, Doctor Darwin informs us, "That the primary cause why the summits of mountains are much colder than the plains, is their being in a manner insulated or cut off from the common heat of the earth, which is always forty-eight degrees, and perpetually counteracts the effect of external cold beneath that degree." In his note on the Glaciers, he observes, that "The common heat of the interior parts of the earth being always forty-eight degrees, both in winter and in summer, the snow which lies in contact with it is always in a thawing state; hence in ice-houses the external parts of the collection of ice is perpetually thawing, so that it is necessary to lay up many tons for the preservation of one ton; hence, in Italy, the considerable rivers have their source from beneath the eternal Glaciers, or mountains of snow and ice."

This philosophic poet is so delighted in roving with his "Nymphs of primeval fire," that he scarcely deigns to cast a glance on the no less interesting divinities of the Glaciers. Had he visited the sublime scenery which they inhabit, he would not only have been enchanted with his icey rambles, and elevated as with his eagle song, but he would have made us understand more clearly, how, since the summits of the higher Alps are insulted, and cut off from the action of the central fire, it could melt by its heat, the eternal Glaciers into considerable rivers.

The modest snow-mantled Nymphs are not only jealous of the Doctor's neglect, but piqued at his calumnies; their complaints still hang on my recollection.

While o'er the Alpine cliff I musing stray'd,
And gazed on nature, in her charms severe,
The last soft beam of parting day display'd
The Glacier-goddess, on her chrystal sphere.

Her sledgy-car, with sparkling frost-work bright,
O'er the pellucid ice her snow-birds drew;
And on her fleecy robe refracted light
The full blown rose's vermeil colours threw.

Slow as she graceful lifts her misty veil,
Indignant grief her mournful glance exprest,
And thus, in falt'ring tones, the vestal pale,
Breath'd the deep sorrows of her beating breast:

'Native of that green Isle, where Darwin waves
'His magic wand o'er nature's vernal reign,
'Her airy essence, and her central caves!
'Her fires electric, and her Nereid train,

'Go, tell him, stranger, had his muse explor'd
'My realms, new marvels had enchain'd his eye:
'Go, tell him, in my sunless fanes are stor'd
'Treasures no vulgar glance shall e'er descry.

'Ye Nymphs of Fire! around your glowing brows
'What lavish wreaths your Poet loves to twine!
'Know, partial bard, philosophy allows
'That one bright chaplet might belong to mine.

'Ah! why a vestal to a *fiend transform,
'Bid to my steeps thy glitt'ring bands repair,
'Direct with cruel aim, their arrowy storm,
'And chain a goddess to the 'northern bear?'

'Stay thy rash steps! my potent hand impels
'The rushing Avalanche to gulphs below:
'I can transfix thee numb'd in icey cells,
'Or shroud thee in unfathom'd folds of snow!

'Come not in hostile garb!—with softer art,
'With dearer power, my yielding spirit seize:
'Wake thy rich lyre, and melt my gelid heart
'With incense sweeter than the western breeze.

'Thy muse shall mount my Lammer-Geyer's wing,
'Pass o'er my untrod heights with daring course,
'While the cold Genii of each new born spring
'For thee unlock the river's viewless source.

'For thee my sylphs, with tender care, shall mark
'The printless pathway of the secret rills,
'And light, with lambent ray, the caverns dark
'Where chemic nature mystic wealth distills.

'For thee my sylphs in distant lands shall trace,
'Where, far diffus'd, my vivifying powers
'Awake, ungrateful bard, in blushing grace,
'To life and love, awake thy wedded flowers.

'For thee—but ah! my pensive form he flies
'For nymphs of golden locks and florid hue;
'No charms have snow-white tints, or azure eyes!
She wept, and, folded in a cloud, withdrew.

* *Botanic Garden, Canto 1st. v. 442.*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ANSWER

To FLOARDO's CHARADE in Repository for February 4th.

FLOARDO, I've found it, therefore will not blush,
To tell all the rhymesters your *first* part is *mush*;
'Tis the cottager's food, I vow, for I've seen
Oli Darby for lack of't near dying with spleen.
Sure your *second* is *room*, for oft even I,
Have danced in't, and dined in't on good pumkin pye.
Now put them together, and plainly's descry'd
A *Mushroom*, delicious, if properly fry'd.

KASKADANDA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following is a Monkish Distich, found somewhere in an old Abbey—if you please, you may publish it in your Repository, requesting a translation. O.

DE priore nihil male loqui,
Facere officium taleter, qualitor;
Sine mundum facere sicut vult,
Nam sicut mundus vadere vult
Sicut vult vadere——

ROBIN THE BUTLER, TO KITTY THE COOK'S DAUGHTER.

Scribere jussit amor.

MY dear *Kitty*,
You're so pretty,
So bewitching
In the kitchen,
Or when stitching;
So endearing,
When you're clearing,
And so neat
When you wait,
At the tea,
So brisk and gay,
All your beauties,
In your duties,
Do so take me,
That they make me
Send this greeting,
To my sweeting,
Till our meeting:
Hoping *Kitty*
Will have pity
For the pain
I sustain.
With a skiver
From Love's quiver
I am spitted,
Ready fitted
To expire
At Cupid's fire.
O! the grace
Of your face;
And your eye,
By which I fry;
And your lips,
Sweet as sips
Of your whips;
And your breast,
White as paste,
Just a budding
Like bag-pudding,
So excelling
Sweet and swelling;
And your waist,
So decreas'd,
Like pyramid
Upon its head,
Turn'd upside down
By country clown.
But, alas!
Must I pass
All that lies
In disguise,
More provoking
By your cooking?
But lest deary
Growing weary
Think me rude;
I conclude.
Haste to make
Wedding cake;
For my love,
Should you prove
Cold or cruel,
Broth nor gruel
From the grave
Long can save
Me your slave.

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